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R. A. N. JARVIS,
Manager.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14 1918

TO CUT BOHEMIA IN TWO

The Germans want Austria to cut Bohemia in two separating the German speaking people from the Czechs.

DAYLIGHT SAVING AGAIN

It is understood that negotiations are now going on between the Canadian and American governments looking to the adoption of daylight saving this coming spring. The plan is to set all clocks one hour ahead next May or June. Daylight saving is so evidently a benefit that it is a wonder it was not put into operation years ago. The only foolish thing about it as practiced, and something that is not at all necessary, is the setting forward of the clocks. The time should be let alone. What difference between going to work at six o'clock correct time and putting the clock an hour ahead and starting at seven? If we can't go to work an hour earlier without falsifying the clock, we haven't much backbone to be proud of.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

The Union Government, which has given us Prohibition for the duration of the war, now proposes to forthwith make the Civil Service Act apply to Post Office, Inland Revenue and Customs departments. The employees of the government railways will not be included at present pending the solution of some complicated problems that apply to them alone in regard to the administration of provident funds. The work of the civil service commission, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Dr. Rocho will now, of course, become much more responsible. The commission will have the final say in regard to all appointments and promotions for the whole civil service of Canada. These appointments and promotions will naturally be based in the main on recommendations of deputy ministers and responsible heads of branch services who have intimate knowledge of the personnel of their staff and of the character of applicants for positions or for promotions. Their first consideration may be expected to be efficiency rather than political favoritism.

The great mass of our people will welcome this move, which is in the right direction.

SEPARATE PEACE IN THE EAST

The Central Powers have succeeded, in making a separate peace with the Ukraine, the southwest corner of Russia. It was signed on the 9th inst. and prisoners will be restored and trade resumed at once. The southeastern corner of Russian Poland, it appears, is to be given up to the new republic, but Austria appears to be retaining her Ukrainian provinces of Bukovina which has about 1,000 square miles and 4,000,000 people. The new state, if it can hold its own against the Bolsheviks of Great Russia, will have over 200,000 square miles of territory and about 20,000,000 people, but over half of this appears to be occupied by the Bolsheviks at present. And between the two governments there is little friendship.

On the 13th inst. the Great Russian delegates at Brest-Litovsk, according to German report, declared the war between them and the en-

The new conditions in the East will cover the Austrian frontier, and will enable Germany to transport all her armies from the Eastern to the Western fronts. But the change in the East has been immediately answered by the United States declaring that she is in the war to a finish.

Parish Officers for 1918

List of Appointees of Municipal Council for the Different Parishes

HARDWICKE

List of Parish and county Officers for the Parish of Hardwicke in the County of Northumberland for the year 1918

Over Seers of the Poor
Alexander G Williston, Amos Martin, Bushrod Smith

Collectors of rates
Hugh McDougall Sr. No 1; Henry Schofield No 2

Assessors of rates
Robert Noble, (James' son) Thomas Kingston, Henry Theriault

Surveyors of dams
John Fitzpatrick, Angus McDonald

Constables
Wm S Preston, Cornelius O'Neill, Simon McDonald, James G Williston, Amos Savoy, Bert McDonald, John McDonald, Samuel Martin, Jr. Alexander Jenkins, Joe P Durrell, Thomas J Walsh, Barber Williston, Cammille Chalmson, Joseph C Martin

District Clerk
Thomas Sargeant

Fence Viewers
Edward O'Neill, Joseph Savoy, William Taylor, John Lewis, Joseph Schofield, David S Savoy, Placide Durell, Valentina Gibbs.

Magistrates
Margaret Manuek, John Nowlan, John Greagan, Joseph J Duplacy, John Fitzpatrick, Thomas B Williston, Amos Savoy, John (Simon) McDonald, J. P. Muzgrill, Cammille Chalmson, Cyril Richard, John Duplacy, W S Preston, John Lewis, George Scott

Revisors of Votes
Herbert F Powrie, Hudolphe Savoy

Pound Keepers
Luther W Lewis, Amos Savoy, Jos Muzeroll, Donald McDonald, F B Williston, Donald S Williston, Samuel Martin Jr., Samuel Muzeroll, Hypolite Theriault, William McRae

Game Wardens
Ronald McDonald, John Greagan, Robert McLean, Ned Schofield.

Surveyors of lumber
Howard Noble, Alex. G Williston, Edward O'Neill, Jos Williston, Edward Walsh; Edward Williston

Field Drivers
William Taylor, John Lewis

Overseers of Fisheries
John Lewis, Bushrod Smith

Parish Clerk
John Mills

Inspectors of fish
George Mills, David S Savoy, Daniel Lewis, Dudley Perley, William Gulliver, Bernard Williston.

Surveyors of wood and bark
John Lewis, Joseph Williston, Edward O'Neill, Edward Walsh, Robert Noble Jr., Edward Williston

DEATH OF JOSEPH WILLISTON AT BAY SIDE

The death of Joseph Williston took place at an early hour on Friday, Feb. 8th, at Bayside where he had lived all his days. He was seventy-three years of age and is survived by his widow, formerly Marjorie Howson of Harwicke, three daughters—Mrs P Williston, Mrs. Howard Williston of Bay du Vin and Mrs W Tilley of Boston—and five sons—J Norman and Millard of Portland, Maine, J Noble, Warren W and Harlin of Bayside. Joseph Williston was the elder of two sons of the late Squire John Williston and Isabel McDonald of Pictou, N S.

The other son, John A. died in Morocco being bid for their wives. Joseph had been put on the auction block and having men bid for you! It must be terrible for the women to see their husbands being sold to the highest bidder. "And just suppose there were no bids."

Parishioners Effects.
"Don't you think some of the comic pictures are out of all proportion?" "Not at all," replied Miss Gypson. "Only people who look as they do could possibly make the remarks attributed to them."

The Next Step.
"It is only a step from life to death," remarked the friend of the woman who had just been mentioned. "I wonder if it would be worth the climb."

Unless one has climbed the index

WRITING THAT FADES.

Result of the Action of Light and Air Upon the Ink.

Attention was first called to the bleaching effect of air and light on writing ink as used in modern times by the fact that signatures on certain certificates had become illegible through the fading of the ink, says a writer in the Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry.

As it was impracticable to test a sample of ink by exposure of writing for a period of years, it was considered that a limited application of hydrogen peroxide would be the nearest chemical equivalent to the bleaching effect of the atmosphere. Writing done by different inks was exposed to light, the paper being occasionally moistened with a 3 per cent solution of hydrogen peroxide, being found that the handwriting gradually became invisible, in some cases more quickly than in others. The violet ink used for typewriters was less readily acted on, but was quickly bleached by sulphurous acid.

If an ink could be produced possessing the desirable properties of perfect fluidity and, being nondepositing and at the same time incapable of being decolorized by oxidizing or reducing agents, there would be good reason to believe that the writing done by such an ink would be practically permanent. In the meantime, when writing is of an important nature and is desired to endure, some form of carbon ink appears to be the only trustworthy preparation.

ONCE A WIDE CANAL.

Broad Street, New York, Where the Curb Brokers New Opera.

The curb brokers of New York, who now operate on Broad street, would have been forced to conduct their business from gondolas or canalboats had they made use of that thoroughfare in early days, for where solid pavement now stands there was a wide canal.

Many people nowadays, wandering through the narrow streets of lower Manhattan, have wondered at Broad street's unusual width. Still more peculiar was such breadth of thoroughfare in the olden times, and to distinguish it from the alley-like byways that surrounded it the thoroughfare was referred to as "the broad street." The Dutch called it the "Heere Gracht." (The latter word had a far different meaning in those days. It was not a street, but the principal canal of the city. This canal, wide enough for heavy boats to pass each other, ran into Broad street at the southern end and continued north almost to Wall street. A similar but smaller canal ran through Beaufort street in 1637 had the canal's sides planked, and a few decades later the waters were gradually replaced by a street.

As that street perforce followed the canal's former lines, it was much the widest thoroughfare in all lower Manhattan and well merited its name of Broad street.

The "Cork Convent."

A striking curiosity near Cintra, Portugal, is an ancient convent built partially in the interior of an immense rock. The convent is situated in a very isolated spot and was formerly surrounded by a dense wood of cork trees. The convent is known as the Convento da Cortica, or "Cork convent," for the reason that the monks' cells, chapel, kitchen and refectory are all lined with cork to keep out the damp. From 1590 to 1834 the convent was inhabited by an order of monks known as the Capuchins, a remarkable feature of their discipline being that, except on certain occasions, silence was obligatory. Since 1834, when the monasteries and convents of Portugal were dissolved, the convent has not been occupied, though it is open to the public, a caretaker residing there for this purpose.

Princess in England.

Only the eldest son of the king of England has a legal right to the title of prince, although other royal children have many privileges. They are sons and daughters of England, they are royal highnesses in their own right, and they could claim to be served on one knee at table when the king is not present. Moreover, in England princes are always of royal blood. In other countries they are often mere nobles, ranking after dukes—London Standard.

Dubious Compliment.

"I'd hate to have Dubson's mean disposition." "What has he been doing to you?" "I asked how he liked my new motorcar."

Very More Terrible.

The Morocco men bid for their wives. Joseph had been put on the auction block and having men bid for you! It must be terrible for the women to see their husbands being sold to the highest bidder. "And just suppose there were no bids."

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"Don't you think some of the comic pictures are out of all proportion?" "Not at all," replied Miss Gypson. "Only people who look as they do could possibly make the remarks attributed to them."

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New Scotch Gingham

Absolutely fast in color—and in a wider variety of colors and patterns, including Checks and Stripes. This material is particularly suited for Children's Dresses and Rompers, Ladies' Suit Dresses, Waists and Skirts. The width is 30 inches—The price is 20c yard

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J. D. Creighton & Co. LIMITED

OBITUARY

MRS ROBERT T BURNETT

Death occurred her home in Vancouver B C on Jan 27 of Rachel Lillian Burnett wife of Pte T Burnett now serving his country in France. Deceased was 44 years of age and leaves to mourn her loss besides her

husband four children Thomas; Emma, Ethel and Margaret all at home. She is also survived by her father Thomas Johnston of Redbank and the following brothers and sisters; Emma, Mr A Sinclair Margaret Mrs Daniel Mullin Whitneyville Elizabeth Mrs E Matchett, Mrs Gaddard Langley B C also half brother and sister Laura, Mrs Robt Blackmore Ella

Mrs W R Jones Walter and John of Davidson, Sask Frank and Edward of Redbank Myrtle Mrs Henry Matchett Sunny Corner Addvilla Mrs Ella Russell Nordin Bernice Mrs Calvin Brooks Vancouver B C and Charles of Kentville N S

Remember the Happy Hour opens to-morrow night

Thanksgiving Day In Burgess Pass



FOR one who thinks of Banff as the only place in the Canadian Rockies—or for those who think of summer days playing tennis, afternoon teas at the hotels, bridge and dances in the evening—the following paragraphs may be of interest.

Having spent the summer and fall in the mountains, making my graduating climb of Cathedral (10,453 ft.) to become a member of the Alpine Club, staying in camp south of Hector and spending the remainder of the time at the Club House in Banff, I still had not had enough of the mountains and took the morning train from Banff to Field, where I had a full seven hours before leaving at night.

Where to go in that time was the question as there were so many delightful and charming spots. Burgess Pass was said to be a very beautiful walk, and being fond of walking I started out alone at 1:15 p.m. The trail was good, having been used by ponies all summer going to the Yoho Valley. It was a steady but gradual ascent all the time; the timber was heavy and beautiful, the autumnal tints on poplar trees and fruit bushes gave just the needed touch of color.

Added to the beauty of the foliage were high banks of moss in varied shades of green and brown, and the bright scarlet of the pigeon berries was seen along the trail; a stream came rushing madly down the mountain side, as if to retard one's progress, but as the usual "stepping stones" were there, I already felt repaid by my first hour's climb. Mount Stephen and Cathedral could be seen to advantage at this point and needless to say the summit of the latter interested me, for I had not forgotten my seven hours climb to reach it.

Time passed; at last the peak loomed up which I thought must surely be my goal. I immediately took a short cut over some rock and shale, thinking it would soon lead to my wonderful view, but alas! nothing but dense timber was ahead. After several attempts the trail was found and I was a steady climb till another ridge loomed up. As Mount Burgess was now on my left and I was walking along the base of the summit, and could see the sky line between some scraggy trees (they were now lower and farther between) I knew it was no distance to my summit. Two and a half hours had now gone by, though the day was perfect and the sky cloudless, so that one could obtain the best of views. I wondered if it would be worth the climb.

Unless one has climbed the index

ing was now in all the rich tints of Roman days. The mountains wore blues and purples, the pine trees looked dark and dismal, and the yellows and reds of other trees looked deeper and richer than they had an hour ago.

The dusk was falling quickly, and the path was barely discernible when nearing the end of the trail. The lights of Field now began twinkling through the trees like so many stars. There were fifty minutes before my train left, though one had just passed and I wondered if I had mistaken the time on account of the mountain and Pacific time, so why leave? I sat down on the trail, the night had come, the day was passed and my wonderful walk a thing of the past, but what memories, and what a Thanksgiving Day! One never to be forgotten. "Alone!" No, one is not alone when with Nature, for many voices are heard: such were my thoughts at this moment when I heard a sound—what was moving on the trail? A figure emerged from the gloom, and he too was "alone." I spoke first and asked if the trail that had just passed was the regular, and to my joy it was not. This "Lonely Figure" had walked fourteen miles. We went back to the hotel together. Kindred spirits and one with nature. He told me of his travels in the Alps and the Sierra, but nothing touched this for grandeur. He asked if there was much to see at Banff, and I said nothing that compares with this. "I should," he said, "imagine it were rather the edge of things, and my answer said, that expressed it perfectly. We both agreed that to see the real nature of the mountains the beaten trails and high roads should be left and the pony trails and foot roads should be taken, either on foot or riding, then the grandeur, the magnificence, and awe inspiring Canadian Rockies can be seen to the best advantage. A few days should be spent at Field, or if time will not allow, at least miss one train to go through Burgess Pass, for the view is certainly worth that one glorious view." R. C. McIl.